Emo twink stepbrother cockwarms jock! XXX **scheduled for deletion**

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by raventia

Summary

Till cockwarms Ivan for his birthday.

"And I think you're misunderstanding the point of cockwarming, Till. I won't have an erection."

Till barks out a laugh at the sheer absurdity of that statement. He looks down at the very obvious tent Ivan is pitching in his jeans. "Yeah? What's with your half-chub, then?"

Ivan's snaggletooth protrudes over his bottom lip around a smile. "Well, that's because you're touching me. I can't be held accountable for the way my body responds when the reason for my existence has his hand on my penis."

“Please, Till. You promised.”

Till huffs and reaches for the bag of chips in Ivan’s lap. It’s a very obvious ploy to get his hand near Ivan’s dick, but Till can’t be bothered with him right now. “What are you talking about? I don’t remember promising anything.”

“You did,” Ivan informs him. He subtly shifts the bag so Till ends up pressing a palm to the crotch of his jeans. Annoyed, Till squeezes Ivan’s limp dick in retaliation. It has the opposite effect, and Ivan has to choke back a groan before he can manage to speak again. “You said I could request anything for my birthday present.”

“Yeah, like a fucking gift card or something,” Till replies peevishly. Ivan’s stupid, huge cock is already stiffening from his touch, and it’s as pathetic as it is hot. He’s such a desperate loser. “Besides, you said you wanted a date. Here’s your date. Video games, snacks, and my awesome presence. Be grateful, freak.”

Ivan giggle-snorts. “I’m very grateful, Till. However,” he continues, lightly raising his hips to rut against Till’s palm, “I wanted a date because it’s Valentine's day. My birthday gift is a separate matter entirely.”

“Ivan. You can’t be fucking serious,” Till says. “Your dick is ten inches hard. I’m not sitting with that in my guts for an hour.”

“Nine and half,” Ivan corrects, because of course he’s measured himself before. Who hasn’t? “And I think you’re misunderstanding the point of cockwarming, Till. I won’t have an erection.”

Till barks out a laugh at the sheer absurdity of that statement. He looks down at the very obvious tent Ivan is pitching in his jeans. “Yeah? What’s with your half-chub, then?”

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“Penis?” Till echoes, nose wrinkling. It probably says a lot about him and his relationship with Ivan that the rest of that sentence flies right over his head. “Seriously? Can’t you just cuss like a normal person?”

Ivan blinks. “I have a penis, Till. What else should I call it?”

Till furrows his eyebrows and gesticulates wildly with the hand that isn’t on Ivan’s crotch. “I don’t know. Cock, dick, prick.”

Ivan stares at Till with his eyebrows raised. “Unless I’m mistaken, all of those are synonymous with the word penis. If you have a preference –”

“Shut the fuck up,” Till mutters, rolling his eyes. “I can’t stand you.”

Ivan looks at Till, who is cuddled so close to him that he's practically sitting on his lap. "I don't think that's true," he says eventually, like he's given it a lot of thought.

Till purses his lips and glares at the TV across the living room. They're both settled on the couch together – Io's visiting a friend out of town, so they have the whole house to themselves for the weekend. It took a lot of reassurance to convince her that they'd be fine on their own, and she hadn't wanted to be away for Ivan's birthday, but here they are.

"Can't you just settle for a blowjob?" Till asks. He's had a lot of practice over the last few months. His gag reflex has improved from 'touch my throat and I'll puke' to 'horrible, gross, and unsexy choking sounds that probably turn Ivan on anyway.' "I'll do that weird thing with my tongue that you like."

Ivan's pupils dilate almost instantly. "That's not playing fair."

Till snorts. "How else am I supposed to win against you?"

"But I'm holding firm," Ivan continues easily, which does have Till's eyebrows raising. Ivan turning down a blowjob is like a pathetic, rabid dog refusing its favorite treat.

"You're really that into cockwarming?" Till asks slowly.

Ivan nods. "I really am. I know you'll like it, too."

And now Till's finding it hard to say no. At the end of the day, Ivan doesn't ask for a whole lot, at least not in bed. He can be scarily manipulative when it comes to Till, but he never pressures him when it comes to sex. Which makes sense, given the fact that it's Till's asshole that's always getting fucked until he's so sore he can't sit right.

But if Till is being completely honest with himself, the thought of cockwarming Ivan does intrigue him. He loves the stretch and burn, loves how deep Ivan's cock reaches inside of him. He's a bottom through and through, and the idea of just being a wet hole for Ivan is…

"Alright," Till sighs, finally relenting. "I'll do it. But only because it's your birthday."

Ivan's eyes widen gleefully. "I love you, Till. I love you so much. Thank you." He presses slobbery kisses all over Till's face. "You won't regret it. It'll feel so good – you love being penetrated, don't you? You'll be good for me."

Till flushes a deep, rosy red, and he pushes Ivan away before he starts licking. "Alright, alright. I get it. Just – don't get carried away. It's over if you're hard for more than ten minutes, Ivan. I'm fucking serious. We have school Monday, and if I'm too sore, then you're never coming near my ass again. Got it?"

Ivan takes a deep breath, then nods sagely. "I always perform best under pressure. Let me stretch you open."

Oh, fuck. Now Till's done it. He averts his gaze and swallows hard. "I… already did. In the bathroom."

Till's not an fucking moron, alright? It's Valentine's day, and it's also Ivan's birthday, so it doesn't take a genius to deduce that Ivan would be rearranging his guts all night. Romance and chivalry aren't dead, because Till spent twenty minutes over the bathroom sink fingering himself open for this freak.

"Ah," Ivan breathes, looking at Till like he hung the moon and stars. Then, his expression abruptly crumples. "And you… didn't record it for me?"

Pfft. He makes it sound like the most precious and valuable lost media slipped through his fingers. "How the fuck would I record myself? I was busy shoving four fingers up my asshole."

"You hate me," Ivan accuses.

Till rolls his eyes. "Stop being so fucking dramatic and put your dick in me already, loser."

Ivan hastily fumbles to unzip his jeans, and then he tugs them down with his underwear until his dick is freed. His hard cock immediately bounces up to rest against his stomach, and Till's mouth waters at the sight. It's infuriating how hung he is. The cheer squad would probably cream their panties and faint if they knew.

Till's eyes are glued to Ivan's dick. A sticky string of precum leaks from the slit, and it takes everything he has to stop himself from licking it up. "How… does this work?" he asks instead.

"My… penis? Well, its primary function is to –"

"Cut the bullshit, Ivan." Till's cheeks feel hot. "You know what I mean."

Ivan smiles. "First, you have to undress, and then I'll make sure you're stretched and wet enough to take me. Afterward, I'll feed my cock into your cute, pink hole, and you'll have a dry orgasm when I unintentionally stimulate your prostate."

"Sounds real fucking intentional to me," Till manages, already short of breath.

"And finally, you'll sit pretty in my lap while I resume our game," Ivan finishes, looking way too pleased with himself. "I'll also lick the saliva from your mouth when you begin drooling from overstimulation."

Till narrows his eyes. "I don't drool."

"Sure, Till," Ivan agrees easily.

He's so fucking annoying. Till grabs a handful of Ivan's hair and crashes their lips together. Ivan eagerly moans into the kiss and immediately starts trying to insert his tongue down Till's throat. Till gently bites it until Ivan retreats, but he doesn't go far. He holds Till's face in his hand and hacks up a wad of saliva, then spits directly into Till's open, slack mouth.

"Swallow," Ivan commands, eyes wide and obsessed.

“Nn…” Till tries to spit it out, but Ivan slaps a palm over his mouth.

Ivan's eyes narrow. “Swallow.”

Till glares haughtily. A long moment passes, and then he gives in and swallows Ivan’s saliva down. “You’re insane,” he hisses once he can speak, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “Fucking loser freak.”

Ivan laughs giddily. “You’re so cute. How am I supposed to go soft when you’re insulting me like you mean it?”

Instead of dignifying that with an answer, Till stands to undress. They’ve had enough sex by now that he’s comfortable showing his body, and it also helps to hear Ivan’s breath hitch once Till is fully naked.

Till doesn’t know what Ivan sees in his appearance. His hips are bony and protrude through his skin, his collarbones are too prominent, and his ribs are visible when he lifts his arms. He’s slender and thin even for a twink, so much that Ivan’s cock creates a bulge in his lower stomach when he goes balls deep, and Ivan fucking salivates over it like a true pervert.

Ivan spreads his thighs, and Till situates himself in his lap, instinctively wrapping his arms around his shoulders. “Well, freak? I don’t have all day.”

Immediately, Ivan’s fingers are tracing down the knobs of Till’s spine, then dipping between his cheeks to prod at his hole. It’s already wet from the lube he’d used earlier, and Ivan’s dry finger easily slips inside. Till rests his forehead on Ivan’s shoulder and whines softly.

“So soft,” Ivan marvels, stroking Till’s walls to admire the texture. “You’ll be a good cockwarmer for me, won’t you, Till? Like you were made for it.”

“Fuck,” Till mutters, unconsciously grinding his hips back against Ivan’s finger. He’s hard and leaking, dripping precum right onto Ivan’s shirt, but it’s hard to feel bad when Till knows Ivan will be licking and sucking the fabric later for a taste. “Just put it in.”

Ivan hums against Till’s neck, messily layering kisses over his thundering pulsepoint. “I know you’re a slut for pain,” he begins, momentarily scrambling Till’s brain – he doesn’t know whether he wants to throw a punch or beg for Ivan to keep calling him a slut – “But I’m quite large, and your fingers are quite small, so I’m doubtful you stretched yourself appropriately to say the least.”

Till whimpers, actually fucking *whimpers,* when Ivan inserts another dry finger. He fumbles for the lube he’d used earlier, relieved to find it between a couch cushion, and hurriedly passes it into Ivan’s hand. “C-Can you just fucking hurry, please?”

Ivan’s eyes crinkle around another smile. “Since you asked so nicely.”

After thoroughly slicking Till with lube, Ivan stuffs three fingers into his stretched hole. Usually, it’s a struggle to get to this point – Till’s ass is always tight, gripping and clinging to anything like a vice – but he wasn’t kidding about opening himself up earlier.

Ivan slicks his cock with lube once he deems Till prepped to his standards. Big fucking surprise: he's rock hard. There's no way he's going to soften, especially once he's inside and Till's walls are squeezing him dry. They'll fuck like normal, and Till will be triumphant for once, riding the high of several dreamy orgasms by the time Ivan finally fills him with cum.

Ivan kisses Till while he presses his cock to the rim of his ass. Despite the sheer girth of Ivan's dick, the slide is smooth and easy as he slips deeper into Till. Finally, Ivan's heavy balls rest against the back of Till's thighs, and he shudders and moans open-mouthed, eyes scrunched shut.

"So good for me," Ivan murmurs, kissing and licking Till's slack lips. "My Till. So tight and warm."

He's such a fucking – fucking sap. And no, Till's heart doesn't skip a beat. It's a consequence of having nine and a half inches of dick stretching him to the absolute limit, that's all. His ass clenches furiously around the intrusion, desperately trying to expel the thick, hard object from his guts, but it only makes Ivan groan like he's being milked.

"Full," Till whimpers. He drips needily onto Ivan's stomach, and Ivan leisurely reaches between their bodies to feel the bulge of his own cock through Till's stomach.

"You can take it," Ivan says, nuzzling Till's sweaty neck as he carefully palpates his cock through Till's skin. "Such a good boy. My good, *hahhh,* my good boy."

Fuck, of course Ivan would use Till's praise kink to his advantage right now. Still straddling Ivan's lap, Till's thighs are suddenly too weak to support his weight any longer, and he sits back. The tip of Ivan's cock penetrates him just a centimeter deeper, but it feels like so much *more.*

"Hnnng…" he whines, rocking back, trying to entice Ivan to fuck him.

But Ivan doesn't. He stays buried inside, his cock so large that it's basically crushing Till's poor prostate. Just like Ivan predicted, Till shakes through a dry orgasm, eyes rolling back until the fight leaves his body, and he falls over Ivan, loose-limbed and drooling on his shoulder.

Vaguely, Till is aware of Ivan laughing softly and licking the corner of his mouth where saliva is spilling from. Bastard. If Till were capable, he'd kick him in the shin. Not that it'd do anything other than turn Ivan on more, but whatever.

Then, Ivan reaches for the Playstation controller while Till drools onto his shirt, cheek squished against his shoulder. Already completely fucked out.

A vein bulges over Ivan's temple. He has yet to soften – in fact, Till's noises are causing Ivan's cock to throb and twitch wildly in Till's ass. Precum drips from Till's hole despite how much Ivan's cock is plugging him up, evidence of how turned on Ivan is.

Eventually, they settle. Till's mind is completely clouded over. He's functionally useless, only good for the task of warming Ivan's cock. Ivan has actually started to soften, but it seems like

a conscious effort, like he'll get rock hard again if he loses focus.

Till doesn't know how long they sit like that. Ivan never goes limp, but the heavy, deep ache in his guts isn't as bad as he imagined it would be. It's kind of incredible. Till knows he'll be so fucking sore tomorrow, but he expected that. Maybe… he's hoping for it, too.

It takes a moment for Till to realize that Ivan has returned to whatever video game they were playing. Till can't even remember – the size of Ivan's dick makes it impossible to think. Every now and then, Till will shudder through an orgasm, but even those feel different than usual. Like a slow, steady simmer.

Till actually has to blink the sleep from his eyes when Ivan finally begins grinding his hips up. "What's…"

"Sorry," Ivan manages, and Till takes one look at his sweaty, desperate expression and knows he won't be walking tomorrow. Sweat drips down Ivan's temple, and his wide, frantic eyes seek Till's consent. "I can't hold back anymore. You'll be good and take it, won't you? My good boy? Please?"

"Mm…" Till nods stupidly. He's a literal cock-drunk slut right now, and he'd let Ivan do anything to him. "Fuck me like you mean it, Ivan. Give me your cum."

Ivan groans deep in his chest. The veins on his forearm bulge as he grips Till's ass and lifts him up as if he weighs nothing. Till gasps at the sudden emptiness, but it doesn't last long. Ivan slams him down on his cock, and they both moan in unison. Ivan starts thrusting his hips, holding Till up as he takes what he needs from his lax body.

Like Till is a toy. A wet hole made just for Ivan's pleasure.

"I love you," Ivan whispers reverently, almost feverishly, as he fucks Till hard and fast, "I love you so much, Till. You're everything. *Everything.*"

That's all it takes to push Till over the edge. He keens, throws his head back, and cums all over Ivan's shirt, making a mess of them both. His walls clench as the shockwaves roll through him, and Ivan grunts as his own orgasm takes him by force. He spills deep into Till's guts, enough that Till will be leaking his cum all night.

Once it's over, Till limply lays against Ivan. He can't catch his breath, and he's still quivering from the intensity of his orgasm, but he manages to cup Ivan's cheek and pull him into a messy kiss.

"Happy birthday," Till whispers against Ivan's mouth once they finally part. "I love you too, loser." He ignores how Ivan's breath hitches, because he isn't done. "Now get it up again. I want you to fuck me like you mean it this time."

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